A New Poem.

To condole the going away of his Excellency the Ambaſſador, from the Emperour of *Fez.* and *Morocco*, to his own Countrey.

24. July. 1642.

By a perſon of Quality.

A moſt ſilly copy of verſes.

SIR, my Muſe bid you welcome when you come,
And now's concern'd at your going home;
Love alwayes tending to a noble eye,
Like to a Shepherd looking on the Sky.
Your comely perſon, and ingenious parts
Has by a Magick-Spell conjur'd up hearts:
So they did appear, and ſhew their faces,
Towards you, when in your Pomp and Laces.
Th' *Morocco Ambaſſador* th' Nation did cry,
Was a man truly worthy of Glory;
That where he went wanted no Servants at all,
People would be with him, both low or tall;
They thought they could not do too much for him,
A man as liberal as a flowing Spring,
Reſolving to ſee this Ambaſſador great,
The like they know it has not been of late.
Stay, Stay, Deareſt Sir, a little longer,
If you do, our love too will grow ſtronger:
Therefore we wiſh your Excellence good Health,
Peace, and Enjoyment, and great ſtore of Wealth,
And a good Voyage, kind and pleaſant Gales,
That ſo your Ship may avoid the mighty Whales,
And eſcape all dangers, that *Æolus* can
Shew to a Gent, or any other man;
Whereby with pleaſure, and with greater joy,
You may rejoyce without the leaſt annoy,
And when into your own Countrey do come,
Trumpets and Muſick, and alſo too th' Drum;
Shall bid you welcome to your own dear Land,
And the King himſelf take you by the hand,
Saying, Dear *Brother*, your welcome to me,
Your abſence made my happineſs, my miſery.
But ſince you're come, I'll now chear up again,
So ſhines th' Sun after a Show'r of Rain.
I'm come, I've made a Peace with *England*'s King,
In which, we both were pleaſed in every thing.
I had the favour both of Court and City,
And was beloved of all th' men called witty;
And like Dove, I bring th' Olive-branch of Peace,
A Pledge from the great Monarch of the World;
So we ſhall have a continual Truce
With *England*, and its gay Flower De Luce;
For which you have th' thanks of each Engliſh heart,
Paid to you as a man of Mighty Art;
But after this, ſo ſoon for to be gone,
It troubles us, though much of him have won;

And

And even could desire to live no more,
Since true Love's gone, from off the English shoar;
Telling us, whether our joyes be great or small,
Are fleeting, as they are Terrestrial.
Fortune is shown upon a Globe of brass
And each worldly joy's like a piece of glass;
Of small substance, wanting a noble weight,
It rides below, it's but of little height,
Of smaller value, and of lesser prize,
Therefore, wit is all in all when 'tis wise.
Since all things uncertain and inconstant be,
Like to the bird when on the Wing we see,
Flies from the Oak, unto the Cherry Tree,
And constant in nothing but in inconstancy:
Therefore in all things we must be content;
Since that our Friends are to us still but lent,
And by th' Powers above to us are sent,
Shewing the wings of pleasure, are its punishment.
This Nature teaches from her motions high,
And yields to us by her most beauteous eye;
The day by constant motion moves into Night,
Tacks but about, and throwes upon us Light;
So by a repetition of Atoms doth return,
That bright thing where first that it begun.
The Swallow Travels, and hither doth come;
When Winter rises he then too goeth home:
And th' fairest Flower withereth away,
For Nature does not alwayes work but play.
So man is sometimes here, and sometimes there,
Shewes but himself, and so doth disappear.
A lively Emblem of the things above,
'Tis so below, for the Creations Love.
The business is, mutation doth appear
In Men, bruits, birds, and Planets of the Year.
Thus every thing is given to revolution,
By common instinct, and by Worldly motion;
Friends and Relations all vanish away,
As Countrey men when drunk, they wont make Hay,
But tumble and toss this way and th' other,
Any where to see a neighbour or a brother;
To drown sadness, and their melancholly,
Yet on th' next day they became more jolly.
Th' Moral teaches how fickle's mans abode,
Like the Ant on the Grass, or Snake upon the Road;
Till got to his own Country, and dear home,
And arriv'd in bright friendships Dining-Room;
In th' *Jerusalem* above, in that place,
Where Angels and true Lovers see their face,
And lye basking themselves on that bright shoar
In joy, and great pleasure, for evermore.

W. W.

1d. 153

THE PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. POWEL.

at Oxford, July *the Tenth.* 1682.

3. Aug. 1682.

BY a diſſenting Play-houſe frantick rage,
We the poor remnant of a ruin'd Stage,
Muſt call the very Storm that wrack't us kind,
Since we this ſafe, and pleaſant harbour find:
So ſhipwrack't Paſſengers, if they eſpy
Any kind remnant of the Ship that's nigh,
Embrace with thanks the charitable Oar
That Fate prepar'd, and make towards the Shore.
Our tribe infected with the City fits,
Was ſetting up a Common-wealth of wits,
And ſtill (to make the parallel more true)
Was falling out, and without reaſon too:
Mov'd by theſe broils, which rais'd us ſtill more high,
We made at laſt a real Tragedy.
Old Relique's of th' infection ſtill we bear,
For each man here is turn'd Petitioner.
And to your kindneſs, for the double recruit
Of Wit and Fortune, makes his humble Suit.
Faith 'twas high time to leave the noiſy Town,
When what ſcarce made a ſhow was pulling down.
When Our gay Ribbons, and ſuch uſeleſs things,
Were all condemn'd to make new Bible Strings.
Our ſhort-Jump Canters ſtifly have defy'd
All Rhymes, ſince *David*'s good Burleſquers dy'd;
Have all things elſe but State-lampoons decry'd.
Good Poems they like Holy-water fear,
Becauſe there ſeem's ſome kind of concord there.
Here *Genuine* peace do's ev'ry breaſt inſpire,
And to a general calmneſs all conſpire.
Rebellion, which is there the onely Prize
By which the canting, hot-brain'd *Zealots* riſe,
In this fair Paradiſe dare's not ſhow her face,
As if ſome flameing Cherub kept the place.
So when the Plague Our Climate did infeſt,
And with new-heats the late burnt Town poſſes't;
The fearful Steams (that lodg'd ith' circling Air)
Kept out of ſight, and durſt not enter here.

FINIS.